Missouri Botanical Garden

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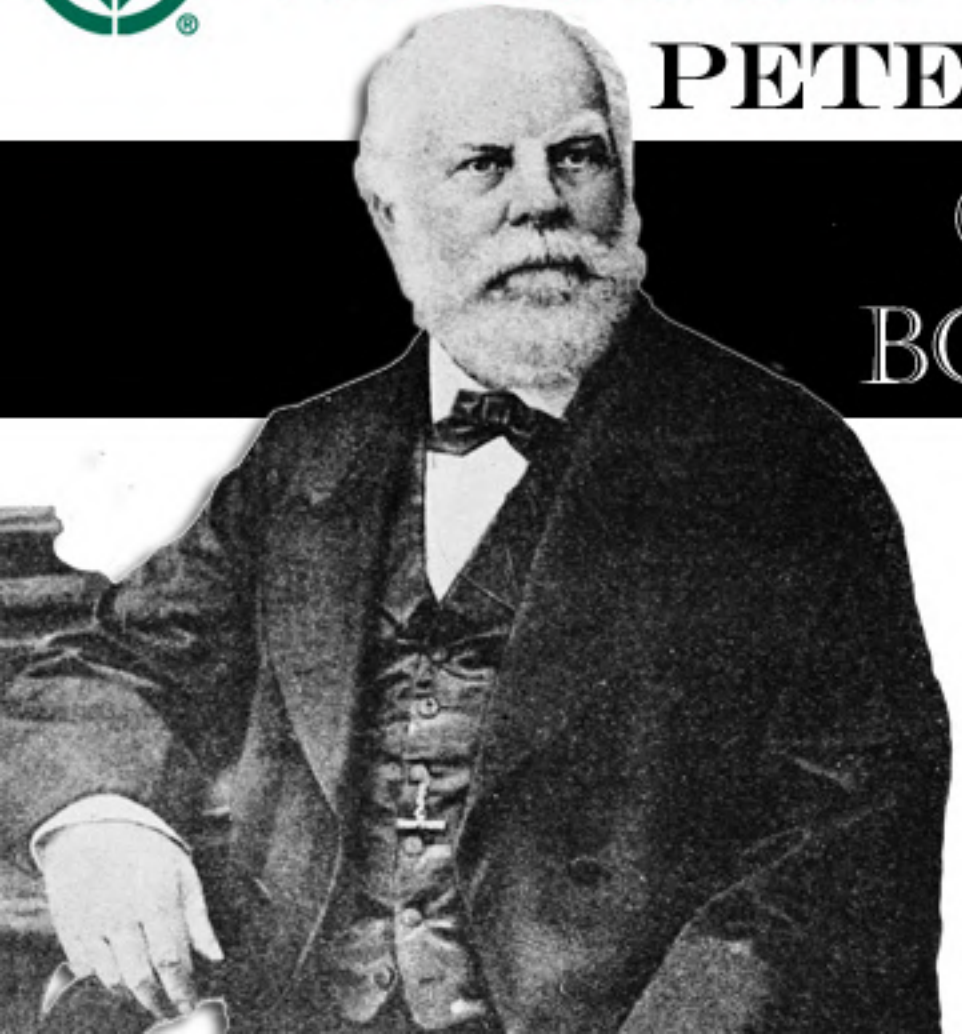
George Engelmann Botanical Notebooks



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Cars leave Ninth and Green Streets, Philadelphia, every hour.

Horse Cars connect with the cars in Germantown, direct to Upper Church Street.

Horse cars along Eighth Street direct to Upper Church Street.

Chestnut Hill Cars to Gorgas Lane Station, is ten minutes' walk from the Nursery.

Germantown Nurseries,

THOMAS MEEHAN, Proprietor,

Office, Upper Church & Chew sts., Germantown,

NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

Rec'd May 24th
Ans 1 30

1876

May 22

Dear Dr. Engelmann

I have not
I. Heterophylla growing, but
I send you a branch from
a very fine tree given
me by Mr. B.
two weeks ago. He is in
correspondence with full
Cauley, and they seem to
know of your veration
discoveries as Mr. B.
had been asked by Cauley
to examine. I forgot
if he said how the varia-
tions was, but he remarked
that it stamped the
tree as having no
relation to I. Shellos,
and he was moving
Cauley to look after
I. Separatica to com-
pare with it.

6212

weak wood. The outline sketch in my, not colored, is the most common form as it indeed the rule with every thing: cut leaves are attributes of growth — more entire leaves for the reproductive see Hedera Broussonetia Capnoides and others: and we must well forget this when we come to study walls.

This is only a word — I will answer your questions as soon as I get time are very much in my power

Thos. Meehan

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Germantown Nurseries,

THOMAS MEEHAN, Proprietor,

Office, Upper Church & Chew sts., Germantown,

NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

2

787

I am so sure that
L. aquatica heterophylla
is not merely a var.
but only the northern
most outposts of L.
aquatica, that I am
not anxious, though
I would like to know
of course what the
result is.

Mr. Burk
notices what I had
not, that the buds
of heterophylla are
much larger than
of L. phellos, and
there is aquatica
again.

Our northern
Botanists have been
misled in their
views of L. aquatica
by more weedy shaped
almost entire leaves
are only in mature
fruiting plants, and

6213

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Rec Aug 1st
ans April 29

Athens Ill July 20th 1876

Dear Engelman

Your Card Rec'd. You ask if I know Q heterophylla - only from a single tree at Houston Texas & herbarium specimens from Delaware & Bartram Garden Did it not present in its self evid-ences of hybridity its rare occurrence in single or few individuals at remote stations would be evidence of it for true species must have somewhere a center of development where numerous individuals must exist and no such locality is known to my knowledge for heterophylla. & that it should be a true species passing out of existence is not probable from the fact that so far as I know the known specimens are all young and apparently

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of about equal age with the young growth of trees in the locality where they abound and must have commenced about the same time as you are aware these forest growths are from some cause commenced in a single year or at least within a very short period and all come up together I have myself never seen a specimen of Q. Olivaeformis Michx or the rose now so called. nor have I ever seen the fruit of Q macrocarpa resembling this hybrid or approximating it. but of Q alba fruit is found not dissimilar to any great extent must attend to it for you another year as you suggest

Yours truly

E. Hall

Elihu Hall

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Rio March 31 1877 Canby

I can't feel
as if Lemna betulifolia was
a hybrid. Apparently the two
first discovered & these of later
generations are exactly alike &
this one a considerable extent
of country. The only argument
for its being a hybrid is that
it is rare and, so far as we
can judge, a cross between other
species might make it. Again
we have here four L. cinereo-fol
cata which seeing that one suppo-
sed parent is not found within hun
dreds of miles seems an impossi-
bility.

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6215

My wife desires her kind regards to you. My cordial respects to Mrs. Engelmann and you are authorized to

Yours truly

J. M. Bailey

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katsophylla. 345-353

"Oh, I heard that she was an angel, of course," said Mrs. Hartley. "That, one takes for granted, and he gave me her photograph; it is lying about somewhere. Look on my little table under the newspaper, or under my work. Pretty enough; but you never can tell from a photograph. What is the matter with you, Anne?"

"I only tripped against the stool," said Anne, hastily turning her back to the light, and catching a glimpse of herself in the glass, which frightened her.

She was thankful to go with the photograph to the window after she had found it, the waning light being an excuse for her. The photograph was like a hundred others, such as every one has seen. A pretty young face, with the usual elaborate hair-dressing, and the usual elaborate costume. As for such things as expression or character, there were none in the so-called portrait, which might of course be the fault of the original; but this no one would dare to make sure of. It seemed to Anne, looking at it with her hot eyes, to swell and magnify, and smile disdainfully at her, as she gazed at it. She was still stupid with the blow, and, at the same time, was making so desperate an effort to restrain herself, that between the stunned sensation of that shock, and the self-restraint which she exercised, she seemed to herself to be like marble or iron, rigid and cold. The photograph fell out of her stiff fingers, and she had to grope for it on the floor, scarcely seeing it. All this occupied her so long that Mrs. Hartley became impatient.

"Well, have you nothing to say about it, now that you have seen it?" she asked.

"She is very pretty," said Anne, slowly. "I hope Francis will be very happy with her. Did he seem very much ——"

"Oh, he seemed all a young man ought to be, as foolish as you please," said Mrs. Hartley; "but he is coming home to dinner this evening, so you can question him to your heart's content. Give me a cup of tea, Anne. I think I shall go to my room and rest a little before dinner. There is nothing tires one like excitement," said the placid old lady; and she continued to talk about and about this great subject while she drank her afternoon cup of tea.

How glad Anne was when she left the room to take that nap before dinner; how thankful that she had a moment's breathing-time, and could, so to speak, look herself in the face. This was precisely the first thing she did when she was left to herself. She went up to the mantel-piece and leaned her arms upon it, and contemplated in the mingled light, half twilight, half ruddy gleams from the fire, the strange, forlorn, woe-begone face, that seemed to look back at her mournfully out of that rose-tinted gloom. The giddiness was beginning to go off a little, and the singing in her ears was less than it had been; the strange whirl and revolution of earth and heaven had ceased, and the things were settling down into their places. What was it that had happened to her? "Nothing, nothing," she said to herself, vehemently, the red blood of shame rushing to her face in a painful and tingling glow. Poor pretense; nothing was changed, but everything was different. The whole world and her life, and everything she was acquainted with, or had any experience of, seemed suddenly to have been snatched from her and thrown into the past. The very path she was treading seemed cut away under her feet. She had stopped short, startled, feeling deadly faint and sick when the sudden precipice opened at her feet; but there it was, and there did not seem another step for her to take anywhere upon solid ground. This sudden, wild consciousness of the difference, however, though it was bad enough, was not all. Bitter and terrible shame that it should be so, scorched up poor Anne. Shame flamed upon her innocent cheeks. Her eyes fell before her own gaze, ashamed to meet it. A man feels no such shame to have given his love to a woman who loves him not. He may be angry, jealous, mortified, and vindictive; but he is not abashed. But the woman who has given her heart unsought is more than abashed. She feels herself smitten to the earth as with a positive stain. Shame embitters and impoisons all her suffering. It is almost worse than a crime—it is a disgrace to her and to all womankind—or at least so the girl feels in the first agony of such a discovery, though her love may be as pure and devoted and unselfish as anything known in this world.

Then her thoughts all rushed to the question of self-defense. She must not make a show of herself and her emotions. She must smile and congratulate and gossip as if the event were one of the happiest which could have occurred, as she had done with a light heart when Letty and Susan were married. Their weddings had been the greatest gala-days she had ever known. She had been bridesmaid to both, with a fresh dress, and an important position, and much

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attention from everybody. She had taken the most genuine interest in everything that was done and said. Her life seemed to date indeed from these great occasions. And now must she go over all this, and probably be bridesmaid again to Francis's wife? Her very heart grew sick at the thought; but she must do it, must keep up, and give no one any reason to think—no one—that her heart was broken.

She was still standing thus, when the door opened, and Francis himself came into the room. Anne's heart gave a wild bound, and then seemed to stand still; but perhaps it was best that it should happen so, for she must have met him soon, and the room was dark, and he could not see how she looked. He came up to her where she stood, and took her hand, as he had a way of doing.

"Well, Anne," he said.

"Well, Francis," she returned faintly, as by some mechanical action, and withdrew her hand. She looked down into the fire, which threw a ruddy reflection on her face and disguised her paleness. She did not feel able to look at him.

"What's the matter?" said Francis, jauntily; "not displeased, are you? Of course my mother has told you," and he took her hand again. She dared not withdraw it that time, but had to leave it in his hold, though the poor little fingers tingled to their tips with the misery and bitterness and shame in her heart. All that he meant, of course, was friendliness, cousinship—while she—she, a woman, had allowed other thoughts to get entrance into her mind!

"I am not displeased," she said, summoning all her courage, "except that you did not give us any warning, Francis. You might have told me something about her; I was rather hurt at that."

"Were you, dear?" he said, with a tenderness that was unusual, and he put his other arm round her waist, as if somehow this new change had increased instead of diminishing his privileges. And Anne, poor Anne, dared not resent it—dared not break from him, as probably, laughing and blushing, she would have done yesterday. She had to stand still, making herself as stiff and cold as she could, enduring the half embrace. "If I had thought that, you should have known everything from the beginning; but it has not been a very long business; and, until I knew her sentiments, I saw no need to betray mine. It might have come to nothing, and a man does not care to make a fool of himself."

"Then tell me about her now," said Anne, holding firmly by the mantel-piece, and desperately plunging to the center of the misery at once.

Francis laughed.

"I don't know what I can say. I left her photograph somewhere, and I suppose my mother told you."

"Only that it was an excellent marriage, nothing about *her*."

Once more Francis laughed. He shrugged his shoulders, and bent down to look into her face.

"I suppose Letty and Susan raved of *him* to your sympathetic ears, did they? But men don't go in for that sort of thing. No; I want you to tell me, Anne, my dear little girl—look up, that I may see your face—are you pleased?"

"Francis! of course I am pleased if you are happy," faltered poor Anne; "but how can I tell otherwise, when I don't know her, and you won't tell me anything about her?"

"Give me a kiss then and wish me joy," he said.

Anne felt his cheek touch hers. There seemed to ensue a moment in which everything whirled round her—the fire-light, the pale evening sky through the window, the glimmer in the glass. Whether she should faint in his arms, or break away from them, seemed to hang upon a hair. But that hair-breadth of strength still remained to her. She escaped from his hold. She flew out of the room and upstairs like a hunted creature and dropped down upon her knees in her own little chamber, hiding her face on her bed. Had he suspected? Could he know? But in the passion that swept over her, Anne was beyond entering very closely into these questions. She dared not cry aloud or even sob, though nature seemed to rend her bosom; but the darkness fell on her mercifully, hiding her even from herself.

Mr. Francis Hartley remained behind and contemplated himself in the glass as Anne had done. He caressed his whiskers and drew his fingers through his hair, and said "Poor little Anne!" to himself with the ghost of a smile about the corners of his mouth. Yes, Anne was piqued, there was no doubt of it. Her little heart had been touched. Poor, dear little thing! it was not his fault; he had never given her any encouragement, and it was hard if a man could not be kind to his little cousin without raising hopes of that sort in her mind. But he liked Anne none the worse for her

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G. heteroptylla Mx Michx figure gives
leaves 3–4" × 1–1½"
petioles about 6'''

N.J. 4 miles from Camden, C.E. Smith 3½–4" × 9–12'''
petiole 3–5'''
Marshallingarde 3½–6" × 10–14''' pet 3–4'''
Darlington Garden 1869 3½–6" × 12–24''' pet 2–6
Pray 1869 ~~pet~~ 4–5½" × 10–15''' pet 3–6'''
Vernier 1869. 5–6 × 15–24''' pet 4–7
Rennhaus 1857 3½–6 × 12–22''' pet 3–9

Phillips, Canby 1874 flowering! 3" × 6''' pet 3
petioles
Hort Berlin Botanic Garden 4–5 × 9–12''' pet 3–4'''

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alleny of its Correspondents,

it returns a grateful acknowledgment.

Joseph Henry
Secy. S. I.

stitution,

City, U. S. A., Apr. 27. 1876.

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6217

"Bartram's Oak" May 30 1876

from Canby

set of young leaf

x 10

x 10

very thick under

back of

lower side of leaf partly revolute yet

x 2

most leaves entire

some with a

lateral tooth

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6218

Leitch & Corlies

DRUGGISTS

South West Corner Fifth and Market Streets.

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G. heterophylla

May 5 77

E. Wilcox Del

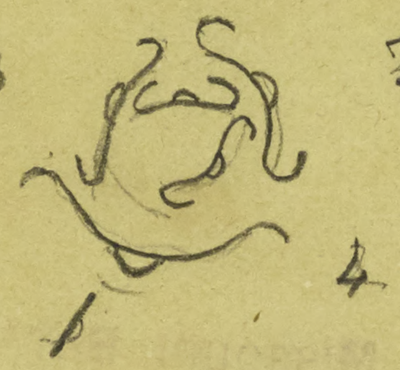
2 May 77

X 2

Cobed

entire

back of
very gray leaves



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Leitch & Corlies
DRUGGISTS
South West Corner Fifth and Market Streets

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May 20 1877

G. helenophylla

Wilmington Cemetery May 14

anthers 1.2-1.3 lg
usually 4
rarely 3 or 5

Seitz & Schlicht
Manufacturers of
Garden Tools
Horticultural Assortment
No. 27 North Tenth Street,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Sole Agents for the United States for the celebrated Bell Scythe.
No. 1 No. 2

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Deutsche Apotheke.

GEO. UDE,

Apotheker and Druggist

No. 3610 North 10th Street,

Between Mallinckrodt and Salisbury, **ST. LOUIS, MO.**

No. *187*

For .....

℞.

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6220

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March 28 1874

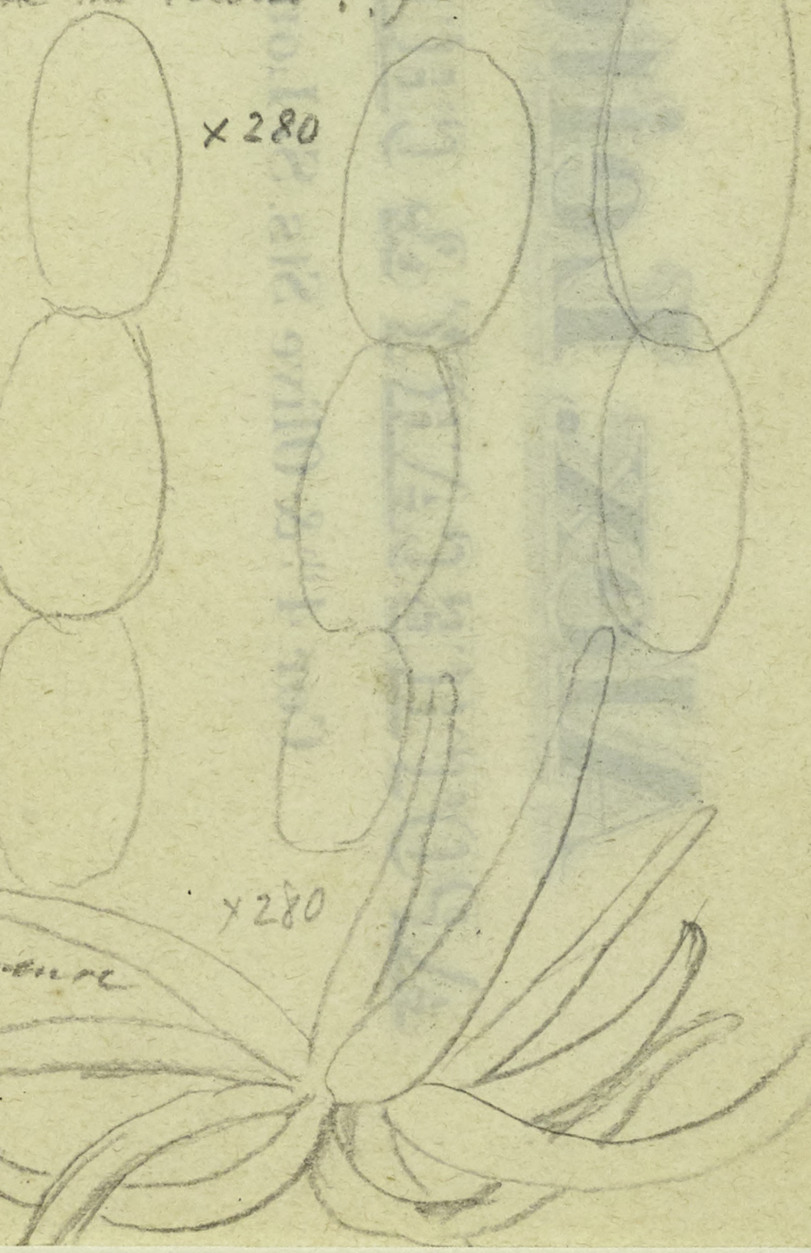
Pollen x 415

G. sinuata

Blufton, S. Carol. Dr Mell. leg. 23/3 74

very deciduous yellow glutinous 2-4 celled hair on young leaves

Thickly studded with Pollen (where the colour?)



x 280

x 10

x 280

This yellow glutinous pubescence was seen also on G. cinerea, sinuata Catesbaei

star hair pubescence x 280 hairs 1-celled

Alex. Leitch,

APOTHECARY & CHEMIST,

Cor 4th & Olive Sts. St. Louis.

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1269

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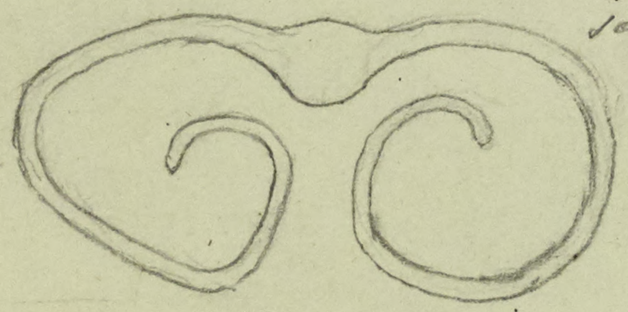
9. Phellos (now), Jun 1876 9. heterophylla May 26 1874
Wilmington, Del, Wm M. Canby from integry fresh

Sect. of a very young leaf ×10



sect. of an older leaf ×10

young leaves rolled up backwards — perfectly smooth on both sides

×10

×10 3–4 stamens

fl. almost glabrous, slight beard at tip of calyx — shoulder with scattered hair

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Deutsche Apotheke.

HENRY DIERS,

APOTHECARY,

South East Corner Fifth aud Biddle Streets,

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